

G. L. Hoyt.—When a man has seen all the reports from different parts of the country, as do the editors of our agricultural papers, I do not see how his reports can be any other way than reliable. I believe the market reports in our agricultural papers are fully as reliable as the reports of any man in other paper. A man ought not to follow implicitly the advice given in any paper without using judgment and reason. Benefit to be derived from reading any publication is the discipline which it gives by setting us to thinking, and thus making our own reasoning powers. We

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

SHALL THE UNITED STATES
BREED ITS OWN HORSES?

Description of a Draft Horse.

Errors in Blanketing.

The cautious use of blankets in the early autumn, and of course continued, has considerable effect in checking the undue heaviness of the coat, and that tendency to profuse sweating so noticeable in October, and, in fact, for the remainder of the winter, if the precaution of blanketing is not taken early

Horse Gossip.

to or an ignorant one who would claim it. They are paying heavy tribute to date to English and French breeders because they had no good sense to take the thoroughbred to India. I assert that the thoroughbred is useless except as a gambling tool. Importers will pay from \$2,000 to \$3,000 for a French Cocker spaniel, whose breeding one or two coachmen back here is strictly thoroughbred, and yet there has been so much prejudice engendered in the people's mind that they will not touch the people of the same name who are positive owners of a thoroughbred, though they are paying such enormous prices for that very breed. Again, is the trotter being used less as a gambling tool than the thoroughbred? Why many square trotting races can the owner of a horse win, and yet the horse is not worth winning regardless of the pool-bet. Without expiring up the heats to help the owner, the horse is not worth winning. The best trotter here can get it if it is not to win money with, or sell, to some one else, for the

WEST MICHIGAN FARMERS' CLUB.

holds per ton, and the ensilage has cost \$1.50 per ton. A silo can be cheaply built, and in a barn it will not cost nearly as much, and it is just as good. Crops of good, mature corn have been grown by us at the rate of 35 bushels per acre; the corn was planted $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in one way and six inches the other. This gives the corn good chance to cultivate and insures a good crop. Plant the variety that will give the best yield and get ripe before frosts will kill it. We cover this corn, out and put into the silo, with straw and swale grass. Put the straw on the outside edges on top of the corn and hay, letting the ends lay over each other, and set a nail-keg full of stones in each corner, and you have the filling complete. The ordinary winter feed does not seem to need any cover, but her best. This is, no doubt, because of a lack of succulence. A corn crop must have abundance of water;

Against Sweet Cream Butter.

experiment. I have not heard from it since. I wonder if it is there now. Probably they are like a celebrated writer I know, who said if he made a good crop he took all the credit himself; if he made a failure, he said it to the weather or said nothing. The failures are what we want to hear about; the successes speak for themselves."

"Now, winter weather—such weather as we are having just now—is the best season for doing two things: for making fancy butter at the lowest cost of labor and money, and for raising calves, to have constitution and vigor thereafter for thrift, which is the best of condition we require. So, winter dairying is not opposed to summer dairying, complementary, by giving the farmer a good start. Now, have we any reason to fear that these products will not be wanted, or that the standpoint of consumption? I think not. Take butter-making. The best

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Recognizing the great interest which is felt in our State regarding the breeding and development of the American trotter, and the general demand which exists for a reliable time keeper at a very low price, which will enable a breeder to test the speed of his young animal, we have contracted with the Manhattan Watch Co., of New York City to supply subscribers to *The American Trotter* with such a watch, and at a cost which will enable every young man to secure one. We have selected two styles, from which you can have made



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Horticult

2. In the upper part

Horticultural.

THE QUALITY OF TIMBER.

Wm. Somerville, in a valuable paper on the Growth of Trees, in the Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland, has this to say of the phenomena of growth which affect the quality of various kinds of wood:

The specific gravity of wood is probably the best test which can be conveniently applied to its quality. The specific gravity of timber depends directly upon the proportion which the firm cell-walls bear to the spaces (lumina) filled with air or water. In spring or early summer, when growth first begins, comparatively porous wood is formed; whereas, in late summer and autumn, dense, firm, heavy wood is produced. If a cross-section of a wood-ring be examined, it will be seen that, in the case of conifers, the cells are large and thin-walled in the spring zone, but pressed together and thick-walled in the autumn zone. In broad-leaved trees the vessels will be found to be larger, and usually much more numerous, in the spring zone than in the later formed wood—that is to say, there is in the former case much less firm wood substance present.

Two theories have been advanced to account for this peculiarity in a wood ring. The older and more generally accepted one is known as De Vries and Sachs' "Bark Pressure Theory." Put shortly, it is as follows: In winter, owing to the molting action of water, to its freezing and thawing, and to changes of temperature generally, the bark is considerably loosened, so that in spring, when activity of the cambium recommences, much less pressure is offered to the growth of new cells than is the case in the later parts of the season, when the bark presses on the cambium very tightly, so long to the extent of having increased in volume. In the early part of a growing season the cambium rapidly produces wood under reduced pressure, the wood being consequently very porous; whereas, in autumn the wood produced is very dense, because the cambium is then working under greater pressure. One argument in support of this theory is, that if the pressure on the cambium be relieved, naturally or artificially, the part of the ring formed at the point of relief is broader than any other part. For example, if the outside rings of a section of an old thick-barked stem be examined, it will be seen that they do not follow a regular course, but pursue a more or less undulating one. A careful examination will show that the points of swelling correspond to places where deep fissures occur in the bark—that is to say, places where pressure is reduced—while the points where the rings bend in towards the center correspond to places where the bark is firm and entire. The same thing may be seen on a larger scale, where by any means (e.g., intense cold or lightning) a tree has been longitudinally cracked. If the rupture is of long standing, the circular character of a cross section of the stem is more or less departed from, for owing to excessive growth in the neighborhood of the crack, induced by reduction of the pressure on the cambium, the tree shows a striking protuberance at that point.

The other and newer theory may be called Hartig's "Nutrition Theory." According to it the spring wood is not so firm as the autumn wood, because, in the early part of a growing season, the conditions are not present which enable a tree to assimilate rapidly, and, therefore, there is not so much plant food available for the formation of cell wall materials. As soon as the tree has again clothed itself with leaves a new ring is commenced, and the first cells formed are thin-walled ones, very like those of the spring wood. Hartig says that the peculiarity of these cells is due to the same cause as the character of those of the spring wood—namely, want of sufficient nourishment. This explanation of Hartig's, though it has much to support it, does not seem to quite meet the case; for although no frost may intervene when the tree is denuded of leaves during summer, still, owing to changes of temperature which are sure to occur, and to the action of moisture, the pressure must be considerably relieved during the few weeks of rest, so that, when growth is again resumed, very much the same condition of things as regards pressure will be present as existed in spring.

It has already been said that the specific gravity of wood is dependent on the proportion existing between the firm wall of the cells, fibers, and vessels, and the open spaces (the so-called lumina); the same thing is stated in other words by saying that it depends on the proportion of autumn wood to spring wood. It is generally believed that in the case of conifers, narrow-ringed wood is best, and that, in the case of broad-leaved trees, the opposite is true. The belief rests, so far as conifers are concerned, upon the authority of Mohl, who said that the amount of autumn wood remains very constant, and that increased breadth of any ring is entirely due to greater development of the inferior spring wood.

Sanio, who carried his investigations much further than Mohl did, has shown that the rule is by no means generally applicable. His researches, conducted on Scotch pines, showed that, quite independent of the absolute ring breadth, the proportion of autumn wood to spring wood steadily decreases as a stem is followed up, and that, therefore, the best wood is at the bottom. R. Hartig has gone thoroughly into the whole question, and has, besides establishing other conclusions, completely confirmed those of Sanio. A summary of the results of Hartig's observations is embraced under the following four paragraphs:

1. The spring wood zone, where trees are grown in an ordinary close wood, increases in breadth as the stem is followed upwards to the crown, but inside the crown the breadth diminishes. The greatest proportionate breadth of the autumn wood zone, and, therefore, the heaviest timber, is found at the bottom of the stem, and the farther up the stem we go, the more does the influence of the spring wood zone make itself felt, until, inside the crown, the wood again becomes better, and continues to improve till the top of the tree is reached.

2. In the upper parts of a stem it was always found that the broadest rings held the best wood, because they contained relatively little spring wood; in other words, narrow-ringed wood was of low quality, for it was always accompanied by relatively large development of the spring wood zone.

3. A tree which is very much crowded in youth forms good wood, for if the crowding be long continued, the autumn wood in the lower parts of the stem becomes relatively scarce, and, indeed, may altogether cease to be formed; whereas, in the upper parts of the stem—where, in crowded trees, the rings are broader than below—the autumn wood is more plentiful, and the timber therefore better.

4. At every point where observations were made, the innermost sixty rings contained relatively most spring wood when they were broadest; whereas, in the case of the rings lying outside the innermost sixty, the spring wood zones were relatively small when the absolute ring breadth was great.

The results noted in the last paragraph, so far as they relate to the wood formed during the first sixty years of a tree's life, agree with those obtained by Mohl, who evidently attempted to generalize upon his results, without examining any older trees.

SOUTH HAVEN AND CASCO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the December meeting of this Society, the question for discussion was the condition of the orchards. From the report of the *South Haven Messenger* we take the following: It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of those present that the orchards never went into winter quarters in better condition, or when the buds were larger, finer, or gave better promise of an abundant crop the coming year; that as the stock of preserved fruits was at a very low ebb it would take all that we are likely to grow to supply the demand next year, and a good price will be likely to result.

J. Lannin said his three-year-old peach trees are set full; grapes in good condition, while the pears have fewer fruit buds. On the whole the condition is favorable for a fine yield of fruit. This year his pears set very full, but a cold wave from the east and other causes produced a failure, with considerable blight among many kinds of pears.

M. H. Bixby said that in a bearing year the trees set full and if properly thinned the fruit is large and fine. In the off year the fruit is thin and the crop small and poor.

W. H. Hulbert asked if the Sheldon pear did not do best on sandy or light soil. His Sheldon and Bartlett seemed to do better on light soil, the Finnish Beauty on heavier soil. His experience was that in poor years the fruit was inferior and the quality not so good, apples as well as other fruit. He said he had never seen a better showing for fruit of all kinds than at this present time.

H. Chatfield—I have always understood that the Sheldon pear was best on light soil; mine are. Some of my pear orchard was burnt over last year, but the trees left give good promise. I took some of my Sheldon to Kansas last fall and compared with some California Sheldons my friends had there and the California fruit was far inferior in size and flavor. The Finnish Beauty scab and cracks so that I would not advise planting this variety—unless the scab can be prevented.

J. J. Ashby—I must confess I did not cultivate as well this year as in former years. My trees blossomed full but some varieties did not set and I should like to know the reason. Others I bugged well, but a hail storm knocked most of them off. My apples, as well as peaches, were small and scabby. My trees ripened early after making a good growth, and the fruit buds are in fair condition, and a reasonable prospect of a fair crop and good price.

C. J. Monroe—I think our orchards are going into the winter in good shape and fair condition, and the prospects are very good. J. Mackey—I have given my orchard more attention than ever this year, for as we had no fruit we had more time to devote to cultivating and manuring. I have this year sowed oats among my trees for a mulch, which has grown very rank. I expect a good crop next year. My Sheldons are in clay soil and I have had some fine crops from them. I took some White Doyenne pears to Colorado last summer with a few Seckels, and the Seckels nearly all rotted while the others remained firm and good.

W. H. Hulbert—I had a Bartlett tree that was struck with blight which covered the central part of the tree so that it was perfectly black. I sawed it off below the black, leaving nothing but a stump. This sprouted out new branches and now I have a good tree producing fine fruit. Six years ago I lost one-third of my pear trees by blight. I salted them thoroughly and since have given each of them two quarts of salt a year and have had no more blight.

H. Chatfield—I have about 80 pear trees in grass and I have given them every year a barrel of salt and have had no blight except last year. I do not think the salt prevents the blight, but it keeps the soil moist and in good condition.

W. H. Payne—I think that it has been fully demonstrated by scientific men that there is no material or other value to salt than to keep the soil in a moist condition, and the pear blight, apple scab, and rust, are now known to be caused by fungi, which spread rapidly, but can be overcome by spraying at the proper time with the Bordeaux and other mixtures. The scientists have traced these pests in their homes, traced them through life and death, and propagated and inoculated into sound trees and watched their development and habits of life.

J. Lannin—I have a pear tree that two years ago was struck with blight through the center and became black and dead. It now stands, for reference, the black dead center surrounded with green branches filled with fruit in its season. It is all foolishness for these professors to tell us they have discovered the cause and cure of the blight and say it comes from fungi and will spread and kill the tree. I have specimens of the blight that have been on the trees for years, and the trees live and thrive. The blight is no doubt caused by the hot sun when the air is full of moisture and not by little live animals crawling around through the veins of the tree.

M. H. Bixby—I think we should use judgment in speaking of scientific research. They cannot be right in our orchards every

day and see things just as we do. They send for specimens, and make their examinations of them, and give us the result. I believe there are two kinds of blight, one caused by the sun's heat and the other by fungi, both in pears and apples, and we owe a great deal of credit to the scientific men who have done so much to advance our knowledge of insects injurious to our orchards, and all the difficult problems of life.

The topic for the next meeting will be fertilizers; and the consideration of the annual festival and dinner.

How the Fruits of the Mediterranean are Sold in New York.

The best of the golden fruits, that flavors numerous seductive American drinks and many delicious dishes comes to this bustling port from perennially odorous groves on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Three fleets of steamships that make nearly 300 voyages a year across two seas discharge at New York and Brooklyn piers about 2,000,000 boxes of lemons and oranges. Nearly 1,000,000 more boxes are unloaded at New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Thousands of boxes of grapes from sunny Spain accompany the acidulous cargoes at this season. The orange, lemon and grape trade gives employment to thousands of men and women here and on the verdant slopes of Italy and Spain. It is a gigantic business, and a great deal of it that comes through the picturesque Narrows is disposed of by a firm of auctioneers who occupy the big new building facing Battery park, and Bridge and State streets.

Little sailing craft carry the lemons and oranges from orchards overlooking the bay of Naples to the city of Naples, and from orchards in remote Sicily to Palermo. At these ports the fruit is packed in boxes and put aboard the steamships. One of the biggest and most picturesque orchards belongs to Francis Chente. It is at Agra, less than twenty miles from Naples, on the crown of an ever-thwarting bluff. The fruit is picked by sturdy Italians and carried to the edge of the bluff. Below, on the plain, are Mr. Chente's own sailing craft, into the holds of which, by means of derricks on the bluff, the fruit is lowered. The ships that take in cargoes of lemons and oranges at Naples and Palermo stop on their way to the western metropolises at Spanish ports to take on thousands of barrels of grapes and some more oranges. When the fruit gets here it is unloaded from the transports on long covered piers. It is usually consigned to Italian importers, who are the agents of the growers on the Mediterranean. There are only a few important firms of native Americans in business. The buyers flock to the piers to examine the fruit, which is exposed for inspection. All sorts and conditions of men are among the purchasers. Some have their entire capital in their pockets; others might draw a check of six figures that would be honored anywhere. There are a few crafty "dagos" in the throng who haven't any capital at all, and are there surreptitiously to acquire a limited stock to sell in hand-carts on the streets. Nothing is sold on the piers. The crowd goes in de-luxes to the big building at State and Bridge streets, and walks up two flights of stairs into a long room at the east end of which is the auctioneer's stand. There is a blackboard above the stand on which the terms of the sale are chalked. Each bidder has a catalogue that is handed to him when he goes on the piers to look at the fruit. The numbers on the catalogue correspond with the numbers of the manifold lots of fruit on the piers.

The Almeria steamship Columbia brought 18,000 barrels of grapes to this city three weeks ago and the entire cargo was disposed of within a few hours for \$63,000. At least three barrels of lots of between 51 and 200 barrels are shown on the elevator. The grapes are packed in cork dust, in which they may be preserved sometimes as long as six months and still retain their flavor.

At the end of the sales large buyers receive orders from the firm at the main office, allowing them to take the fruit from the piers. The cash purchasers get their orders from the basement. Then the fruit goes out into the world to please the palates of its pleasure-seeking denizens of high and low degree.—N. Y. Sun.

Lime and Ashes for Fruit Trees.
It is a well-known fact that the different varieties of fruit trees do not bloom and ripen their fruit in all parts of this country alike, or at the same time. The climate is usually held responsible for this. Fruit growers of the Middle States upon hearing of the good quality of a certain variety of fruit grown in another part of the country, have often sent off for and planted it. If the result failed to correspond to the time and labor bestowed upon it, the planter at once jumps at the conclusion that the climate is not favorable, or that the originator is a fraud. This, however, is a great mistake in many cases. Had the soil upon which this particular fruit does so well been thoroughly examined, both as to its exposure and composition, and had the knowledge thus gained been brought to a practical use, a different result would have followed. I believe that the soil, as a whole, has more influence over the growth of plants and trees than the climate itself. The latter does all in the way of hastening or retarding the ripening of the fruit, but the former certainly influences greatly the life and progress of the tree, inasmuch as it gives or withholds the nourishment. Hence the value of a special manure is evidenced. Lime and its phosphates constitute the main ingredients of all fertilizers for fruit trees, and many old and worn-out orchards have been made young by a judicious application of lime, ashes, etc. In nine cases out of every ten, where a certain variety of fruit, which has always done well, suddenly refuses to bloom and bear, the cause will be found in the lack of these necessary mineral substances. A liberal application of wood ash, or wood ashes, lime, will, in nearly all such cases, again bring the trees to their former healthy, bearing state. Analysis of the composition of ground for orchards have in the last few years convinced many that very much heretofore accredited to the climate was simply caused by the absence of these necessary organic and mineral substances of the soil. This being the case, let us draw a lesson from the above, viz: In getting the plants, trees, etc., from other parts, let us demand a correct analysis of soil upon which that fruit attained its highest perfection. Thus

we could plant them in the same kind of soil and suffer far less disappointment in the result. Nurserymen would soon become accustomed to this new order of things, and complaints over failures of extra good sorts of fruit would become exceptions where they are now the rule.—Miami Valley Farmer.

Celery Culture.

Our leading growers count on celery as a second crop almost wholly. The plants throughout the north are for the winter crop set out from about the 10th to the end of July. The later plantings have this advantage: That the product keeps better in winter when the demand for a prime article at a high price is never fully satisfied. The flavor of late celery is also superior to that of the early crop. Where formerly this vegetable was planted into trenches of varying depths, now market gardeners practice surface culture quite generally. This consists of setting out the plants as one would set cabbage or lettuce in rows about 3 1/2 or four feet apart, and two to three feet in the rows. The culture consists of keeping the surface stirred and free from weeds until the plants are half a foot high, when the first move towards hilling is begun by plowing. Loose soil is pressed around the plants by men who follow the plow so as to have the plants grow up straight and compact instead of otherwise. If the product is designed for fall marketing this operation of hilling should be repeated several times in order to insure thorough bleaching when dug. But if the celery is to be used during the winter, the first hilling will be sufficient, as it is a superior flavor, and will keep better if packed in a pit and then allowed to bleach. This banking process is rather expensive, growers placing the cost from \$15 to \$30 per acre. It is considered there are advantages to be gained by leaving that which is for winter use in the ground until cold weather sets in. It will be none the worse for a heavy frost. When treated by the banking method the crop can be most expeditiously harvested by one man pushing a spade through the bottom of the hill beneath the roots, and being followed by another who carefully lifts out the stocks, allowing all the earth to hang to the roots that will. They are then placed in boxes and carted to the storing place where the roots are drained with water before they are packed away for winter. They are allowed to bleach here until it is desirable to market. Right here we would say that the demand for celery is comparatively small until Thanksgiving. The White Pines is always in demand and especially by hotel keepers. It is attractive and shows off well on the table, but among gardeners the Golden Dwarf is ranked far above it, both as to flavor and keeping qualities. In preparing for market, trim off all the roots neatly and remove the dried and coarse outside leaf stems. They should, of course, be thoroughly cleaned before bunching. Then tie into bunches of either six or twelve stalks as the market may demand. Carefully pack in suitable clean boxes and you will be sure to realize good returns for all of your celery.—Popular Gardening.

Horticultural Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says many people of Western New York have forgotten how apples taste, they are so scarce.

An English paper says wild strawberries were gathered in Gloucestershire on Nov. 10th, not just a handful, but quite a quantity; and raspberries were picked and sold by a lady living at Thyringthorpe.

W. A. BARRETT, of Westfield, N. Y., shipped from 800 vines 17,500 pounds of first class grapes. Samuel Mack sold from 600 vines on less than a quarter acre of land 12,950 pounds at \$5 per ton. A vineyard of a single acre yielded 6 1/2 tons.

The State Horticultural Society resolved that a law ought to be passed which shall make it the duty of the yellow commission-ers to take steps toward destroying all diseased portions of plum and cherry trees which have the so-called black knot.

South Jersey's cranberry crop proved a partial failure, after all, being certainly 22 per cent less than last year's, and the smallest since 1884. The cause of the loss was a plague of grasshoppers which infested the bogs, and lunched upon the blossoms.

The profits on cranberries in a good year make many anxious to engage in the cultivation of this fruit. But to it a bog is an expensive process, costing \$100 or above per acre. And the cranberry has as many insect foes as any other fruit that is raised and hence subject to cultivation.

The New Jersey State Agricultural Society, two years ago holding for the best three grapes for general use, one of each color, decided in favor of the Brighton, red, Worcester, black, and Niagara, white. Few grape growers in the State would to day make any alteration in the list.

Mounds around trees, to protect them from mice—should be made of pulverized compact earth, beaten with a spade to make them solid and smooth and conical, with the tree in the center, and ten inches high. If made of clois or acis, the mice will enter the crevices, and they will not only fall of their purpose, but they will afford a hiding place for these animals.

For fitting cloth for hot bed frames the *American Cultivator* recommends the following: Take pale lined oil, three pints; sugar of lead, one ounce; white resin, four ounces. Grind the sugar of lead with a little of the oil, and then add the remainder, and the resin; reduce the materials in an iron kettle over a fire, and then apply it hot with a brush. The more nearly the oil and resin are to colorless the better the light will be transmitted. By applying hot it hardens well on cooling.

The preparation for heavy crops of strawberries next summer may be commenced as soon as the ground is frozen solid, if not already done. The first of the two leading productive varieties has been given by selecting productive varieties. The second one is to enrich the plants with manure. Apply it copiously between the rows, and very thinly on the plants. The rains and melting snows will carry down to the roots the soluble portions, and the straw and other fibrous parts will remain as a mulch on the surface. Those who wish to obtain valuable practical information may do so by consulting the manure from a few rows, and they will see the contrast in the diminished crop and smaller berries. Where the plantation is likely to be much exposed in winter, a thin additional layer of evergreen branches during winter will be very useful.—J. J. Thomas, in *Country Gentleman*.

Bulbs Indoors and Out.

Mrs. E. M. Jones, in a chaty letter on the above topic in the *Country Gentleman*, says:

Many of our hardy bulbs will stay for years in the same place, and with merely nominal care, will bloom profusely every summer. Snowdrops and crocus and lily of the valley are within the reach of all, and are no trouble. Later come narcissus, jonquils and daffodils; whole sheaves of these are none too many to carry into the house in early summer. All the varieties of Iris and Chinese juncos and other tuberous-rooted things will make your garden and your rooms beautiful for weeks, and, when the lilies begin to bloom, one just draws a long breath of delight, and wishes that the summer would stand still. I have had good, bad and indifferent luck with them, but mostly good. It is true that my little group of *Lilium auratum* was washed out of the ground and destroyed in a small flood caused by a great thaw, after having gladdened our hearts for some years, but *L. candidum*, the pure white Ascension lily, is always with us, and an everlasting delight.

Did you ever try tulip blooming in the house? If not, don't let this season go by without planting a few, and then thank me afterwards. Shall I tell you what I did last winter? A dozen bulbs of *L. candidum*, one in a pot, were put in a box in a dark cellar and carefully covered from mole till plenty of roots had formed; then brought up to the drawing-room and carefully staked and tied as they grew. An oil-cloth was laid on the carpet, and the pots placed in a group on the floor near a front window that opened down to the ground. They grew higher than my waist, and oh, the glory of their dazzling bloom!

Half a dozen bulbs of *L. Harrieti* or the white Bermuda were treated in the same way, and these plants were put on a round table that stood in a very large bay window.

They were not staked, but allowed to trail all over the table, and one can hardly imagine the grace and beauty of the trumpet-shaped blossoms. A dozen Duc Van Thol tulips in a large pot, some crocus and snowdrops in another, a few paper-white narcissus, one in each small pot, and a few double jonquils completed my winter garden as far as bulbs went, and kept my rooms fragrant a great part of the time. This year I have everything in train for just such another display.

Out-doors, I cut a new flower bed, and I have simply reveled in bulbs! Cut in the turf, and lying right in front of the house, I have a bed about 12 by 30 feet. This bed lies right in the sunlight, all day, and was prepared to the very best of my knowledge, and filled with old turf and leafy cow manure, well mixed with the best soil I could get. All bulbs were planted with a little sand mixed in the soil nearest them; were put three to five inches deep, according to size; were staked, and then, after the ground was slightly frozen, were well covered with coarse litter. The bed is bordered with the old-fashioned white narcissus, as well as some newer kinds, and with several sorts of jonquils. Further in are rows of lilies, chiefly *Candidum*, as being so reliable, but including other kinds as well, such as *Auratum*, *Excelsum*, *Texas-juncum*, etc.

Horticultural Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says many people of Western New York have forgotten how apples taste, they are so scarce.

An English paper says wild strawberries were gathered in Gloucestershire on Nov. 10th, not just a handful, but quite a quantity; and raspberries were picked and sold by a lady living at Thyringthorpe.

W. A. BARRETT, of Westfield, N. Y., shipped from 800 vines 17,500 pounds of first class grapes. Samuel Mack sold from 600 vines on less than a quarter acre of land 12,950 pounds at \$5 per ton. A vineyard of a single acre yielded 6 1/2 tons.

The State Horticultural Society resolved that a law ought to be passed which shall make it the duty of the yellow commission-ers to take steps toward destroying all diseased portions of plum and cherry trees which have the so-called black knot.

South Jersey's cranberry crop proved a partial failure, after all, being certainly 22 per cent less than last year's, and the smallest since 1884. The cause of the loss was a plague of grasshoppers which infested the bogs, and lunched upon the blossoms.

The profits on cranberries in a good year make many anxious to engage in the cultivation of this fruit. But to it a bog is an expensive process, costing \$100 or above per acre. And the cranberry has as many insect foes as any other fruit that is raised and hence subject to cultivation.

The New Jersey State Agricultural Society, two years ago holding for the best three grapes for general use, one of each color, decided in favor of the Brighton, red, Worcester, black, and Niagara, white. Few grape growers in the State would to day make any alteration in the list.

Mounds around trees, to protect them from mice—should be made of pulverized compact earth, beaten with a spade to make them solid and smooth and conical, with the tree in the center, and ten inches high. If made of clois or acis, the mice will enter the crevices, and they will not only fall of their purpose, but they will afford a hiding place for these animals.

For fitting cloth for hot bed frames the *American Cultivator* recommends the following: Take pale lined oil, three pints; sugar of lead, one ounce; white resin, four ounces. Grind the sugar of lead with a little of the oil, and then add the remainder, and the resin; reduce the materials in an iron kettle over a fire, and then apply it hot with a brush. The more nearly the oil and resin are to colorless the better the light will be transmitted. By applying hot it hardens well on cooling.

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GEO. R. HILTON, Fremont, Newaygo Co., Mich.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Wayne County Savings Bank

At Detroit, Michigan, at the close of business, October 3, 1890.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts \$1,343,000 70
Real Estate Loans 997,408 36
Invested in bonds 1,252,482 72
Due from banks in reserve cities 786,400 50
Banking house 10,000 00
Furniture and fixtures 6,825 12
Other real estate 35,500 00
Current expenses (taxes paid and premium paid on bonds) 11,803 36
Cash in vault 111,508 66
Total \$3,225,215 89

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in \$150,000 00
Surplus fund and undivided profits 494,673 42
Savings deposits 4,969,541 29
Premium foreign exchange and other accounts 920 18
Total \$3,225,215 89

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, Wm. Stagg, Assistant Secretary of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WM. STAGG, Asst. Treas.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of October, 1890.

C. F. COLLINS, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Correct—Attest:
J. DOW ELWOOD, } Directors.
J. MOORE, }
WM. A. MOORE, }</

entire dairy, tubs, tins	23	234
entire dairies, extras	21	222

ated." The outlook in foreign countries the com-

...a similar paper on "Success in
the Medical Profession,"

place Hawaiian sugar on precisely the
same plane as American sugar.

southern Missouri, the hardwood on which they will at once cut up. They calculate it

ow of its settlers evaded legal restrictions in
taking up their holdings. Everything else

DETROIT

G. A. WATSON, 2001ST AVENUE, DENVER, COLO. 80202

Poetry.

"THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON."

The gray is over the gold, the earth
Has robed her in fading tints;
And we're not as young as we used to be,
Alas for the mirror's witness.
And can't, within our secret soul,
Albeit with some lamenting,
Compels to the faithful mirror's charge
A silent and sad assenting.

We cannot dance as once we did,
Till the small hours of the morning;
We do not stand at the garden gate,
The child of evening's song;
We care no more for the jingling bells
Once laid in such high favor;
The games that once we held so dear
Are like ash without its savor.

The long, long walks 'neath the skies of June
In the moonlight calm and still,
The mountain climb in the August noon
With Margaret or Lily—
We loved them well, and memory
Will never through life forsake them;
But we'd rather sit in our easy chairs,
And let our children take them.

We like to hear their voices ring
Over croquet or tennis;
We like to see them ride or row,
Whatever skies may menace.
But we do not grieve that we have passed
Beyond these youthful pleasures;
That our staidier pulses now keep time
To slower, staidier measures.

We know the joys of the morning-land,
Glorious, gay and tender;
We've stood on the midday heights amid
The harvest's ample splendor;
Now the lengthened rays of the western sun
Shed their mild fervor on us,
And the sweet fall land of the afternoon
Spreads its mellow grace before us.

Its purple peace-crowned mountains rise
Wrapped in the hazy distance;
In the fields the corn is ripe,
With gentle, wise insistence,
We'll enter in the calm fall land,
Loved of the priest and poet;
For we're not as young as we used to be,
And what is more we know it.

But we've won from the land of the far away
Some treasure of truth and duty,
Some sweetness and light we've lived to bless
The present with joy and security;
We've learned the worth of the human heart,
The bliss of loving and giving,
So morn or midday or afternoon,
We've found life worth the living.

—Good Housekeeping.

"THE LAST MILE-STAKE."

When on the road of life we start,
We ken no hoo or why
The mile-stakes 'a' we leave behind
Without a tear or sigh.

And though misfortune join us wiles,
We treat her w' disdain,
Till we stumble in our path
On some mile-stake.

What's the number of 'a' may be
We're not counting round,
When many a comrade's foot face
Is nowhere to be found.

And then the thought comes sweeping
Where have the comrades gone?
Oh, they surely cannot yet have passed
Their last mile-stake!

It seems to me not yesterday
When we were brawls at school,
Since "never strike a mate that's down"
Was the main rule;

And now that many lowly lie,
From tears we will refrain;
For we hope and trust they're better
Past their last mile-stake.

And if it be more strangers
We should happen to address,
Aye the civil, kind and courteous,
Whatever may be their dress;

For bear in mind they've had comrades
That led them beyond a gain,
Though now they're quietly sleeping
Past their last mile-stake.

But think not, though a stranger here,
I mean to gaily applaud;
My object is through life to have been—
O'er the good old laws.

And one, tho' not the greatest,
Comes second in its train—
To love and help each other
Past the last mile-stake.

—Scottish American.

Miscellaneous.

AN INDIA LOVE-MAKING.

No man will ever know the exact truth
Of this story; though women may sometimes
tell us what it is to one another after a dance,
when they are putting up their hair for the
night and comparing lists of victims. A man,
of course, cannot assist at these functions.
So the tale must be told from the outside—
in the dark—all wrong.

Never prate a sister to a sister, in the
hope of your compliments reaching the
proper ears, and so preparing the way for
you later on. Sisters are women first, and
sisters afterwards; and you will find that
you do yourself harm.

Saumarz knew this when he made up his
mind to propose to the elder Miss Copple-
ghill. Saumarz was a strange man, with few merits
as far as man could be, though he was popu-
lar with women and carried enough conceit
to stock a woman's council and leave a little
over for the commander-in-chief's staff. He
was a divil. Very many women took an
interest in Saumarz, perhaps because his
manner to them was offensive. If you hit a
pony over the nose at the outset of your ac-
quaintance, he may not love you, but he will
take a deep interest in your movements ever
afterwards! The elder Miss Coppleghill was
nice, plump, plowing, and pretty. The younger
Miss Coppleghill was not so pretty, and from men
disregarding the list set forth above, her style
was repellent and unattractive! Both girls
had, practically, the same figure, and there
was a strong likeness between them in look
and voice; though no one could doubt for
an instant which was the nicer of the two.

Saumarz made up his mind, as soon as
they came into the station from Bihar, to
marry the elder one. At least, we all made
sure that he would, which comes to the same
thing. She was two-and-twenty, and he
was thirty-three, with pay and allowances
of nearly 1400 rupees a month. So the
match, as we arranged it, was in every way
a good one. Saumarz was his name, and
summary was his nature, as a man once said,
Having drafted his resolution, he formed a

select committee of one to set upon it, and
resolved to take his time. In our unpleas-
ant slang, the Coppleghill girls "hunted in
couples." That is to say, you could do nothing
with one without the other. They were
very loving sisters; but their mutual affec-
tion was sometimes inconvenient. Saumarz
held the balance-half true between them, and
none but himself could have said to which
side his heart inclined; though every one
guessed. He rode with them a good deal and
danced with them, but he never succeeded
in detaching them from one another for any
length of time.

Women said that the two girls kept to-
gether through deep mistrust, each fearing
that the other would steal a march on her.
But that was nothing to do with a man.
Saumarz was silent for good or bad, and as
business-like attentive as he could be, hav-
ing due regard for his work and his polo.
Beyond doubt both girls were fond of him.

As the hot weather drew nearer and
Saumarz made no sign, women said you
could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls,
that they were looking strained, anxious and
irritable. Men are quite blind in these mat-
ters unless they have more of the women
than the man to their composition, in which
case it does not matter what they say or
think. I maintain it was the hot April days
that took the color out of the Coppleghill girls,
cheeks. They should have been sent to the
hills early. No one man or woman, feels
an angel when the hot weather is approach-
ing. The younger sister grew more cy-
clical—not to say acid—in her ways; and the
winningness of the elder wore thin. There
was more effort in it.

Now the station wherein all these things
happened was, though not a little one, off
the line of rail, and suffered through want
of attention. There were no gardens, or
bands or amusements worth speaking of,
and it was nearly a day's journey to come
into Lahore for a dance. People were grate-
ful for small things to interest them.

About the beginning of May, and just before
the first exodus of hill-goers, when the weath-
er was very hot and there were not more
than 20 people in the station, Saumarz gave
a moonlight riding picnic at an old tomb,
six miles away, near the bed of the river.
It was a "Noah's Ark" picnic; and there
was to be the usual arrangement of quar-
ter-mile intervals between each couple, on
account of the dust. Six couples came al-
together, including chaperones. Moonlight
picnics are useful just at the very end of the
season, before all the girls go away to the
hills. They lead to understandings, and
should be encouraged by chaperone; espe-
cially those whose girls look sweetest in rid-
ing habits. I knew a case once. But that
is another story. That picnic was called the
"Great Pop Picnic," because every one
knew Saumarz would propose then to the
elder Miss Coppleghill; and besides his affair,
there was another which might possibly come
to happiness. The social atmosphere was
heavily charged and wanted clearing.

We met at the parade ground at 10; the
night was fearfully hot. The horses sweated
even at walking pace, but anything was bet-
ter than sitting still in our own dark houses.
When we moved off under the full moon we
were four couples, one triplet, and Mr.
Saumarz rode with the Coppleghill girls, and
I lolled at the tail of the procession wonder-
ing with whom Saumarz would ride home.
Every one was happy and contented; but we
all felt that things were going to happen.
We rode slowly, and it was nearly midnight
before we reached the old tomb, facing the
ruined tank, in the decayed gardens where
we were to eat and drink. I was late in
coming up; and before I went to the garden
I saw that the horizon to the north carried
a faint, dun color feather. But no one
would have thanked me for spelling so well-
managed an entertainment—and a dust-storm,
more or less, does no great harm.

We gathered by the tank. Some one had
brought a banjo—which is a most sentimen-
tal instrument—and three or four of us sang.
You must not laugh at this. Our amuse-
ments in out-of-the-way stations are very
few indeed. Then we talked in groups or
together, lying under the trees, with the sub-
limed roses dropping their petals on our
feet, until our supper was ready. It was a
beautiful supper, as cold and as fed as you
could wish, and we stayed long over it.

I had felt that the air was growing hotter
and hotter; but nobody seemed to notice it
until the moon went out and a burning hot
wind began lashing the orange trees with a
sound like the noise of the sea. Before we
knew where we were the dust-storm was on
us, and everything was roaring, whirling
darkness. The supper table was blown
bodily into the tank. We were afraid of
staying anywhere near the old tomb for fear
it might be blown down. So we felt our
way to the orange trees, where the horses
were picketed, and waited for the storm to
blow over. Then the little light that was
left vanished, and you could not see your
hand before your face. The air was heavy
with dust and sand from the bed of the river
that filled boots and pockets and drifted
down necks and coated eyebrows and mus-
taches. It was one of the worst dust-storms
of the year. We were all huddled together
close to the trembling overhead, with the thun-
der clattering overhead and the lightning
sparking like water from a sluice, all ways
at us. There were, no danger, of course,
unless the horses broke loose. I was stand-
ing with my head down-wind and with my
hands over my mouth, hearing the trees
unraveling each other. I could not see who
was next to me till the flashes came, then I
found that I was picked near Saumarz, and
the elder Miss Coppleghill, with my own horse
just in front of me. I recognized the elder
Miss Coppleghill, because she had a pagri
round her head, and the younger had not.
All the electricity in the air had gone into
my body and I was quivering and tingling
from head to foot—exactly as a corn shoots
and tingles before rain. It was a grand
storm. The wind seemed to be picking up
the earth and plowing it to leeward in great
heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground
like the heat of the day of judgment.

The storm lulled slightly after the first
half-hour, and I heard a despairing little
voice close to my ear, saying to use it, quiet-
ly and softly, as if some lost soul were flying
about with the wind—"O my God!" Then
the younger Miss Coppleghill stumbled into
my arms, saying: "Where is my horse? I
want to go home. Take me home."

I thought that the lightning and the black
darkness had frightened her; so I said there
was no danger, but she must wait till the

storm blew over. She answered: "It is not
that! It is not that! I want to go home!
O take me away from here!"
I said she could not go till the light came;
but I felt her crush past me and go away.
It was too dark to see where. Then the
whole sky was split open with one tremen-
dous flash, as if the end of the world were
coming, and all the women shrieked.

Almost directly after this I felt a man's
hand on my shoulder and heard Saumarz
bellowing in my ear. Through the rattling
of the trees and howling of the wind, I
did not catch his words at once, but at last
I heard him say: "I've proposed to the
wrong one! What shall I do?" Saumarz
had no occasion to make this confidence to
me. I was never a friend of his, nor am I
now; but I fancy neither one of us were im-
mensely just then. He was shaking as he
stood with excitement, and I was feeling
queer all over with the electricity. I could
not think of anything to say except: "More
fool you for proposing in a dust-storm!"
But I did not see how that would improve
the mistake.

Then he shouted: "Where's Edith—
Edith Coppleghill?" Edith was the younger
sister. I answered out of my astonishment,
"What do you want with her?" Would you
believe it, for the next two minutes he and
I were shouting at each other like maniacs,
he howling that it was the younger sister he
had meant to propose to all along, and I tell-
ing him till my throat was hoarse that he
must have made a mistake. I can't account
for this except, again, by the fact that we
were neither of us ourselves. Everything
seemed to make a bad dream—from the
stamping of the horses in the darkness to
Saumarz telling me the story of his blinding
Edith Coppleghill since the first. He was still
clawing my shoulder and begging me to tell
him where Edith Coppleghill was, when anoth-
er full came and brought light with it, and
we saw the dust cloud forming on the plains
in front of us. So we knew the worst was
over. The moon was low down and there
was just the glimmer of the false dawn that
comes about an hour before the real one.

But the light was very faint and the dun-
cloud roared like a bull. I wondered where
Edith Coppleghill had gone; and as I was
wondering I saw three things together. First,
Maud Coppleghill's face coming smil-
ing out of the darkness and moving towards
Saumarz, who was standing by me. I heard
the girl whisper—"George," and slid her
arm through the arm that was not clasp-
ing my shoulder, and I saw that a look on her
face which only comes once or twice in a
lifetime—when a woman is perfectly happy
and the air is full of trumpets and gongs—
colored her face and the earth turns into a
cloud because she loves and is loved. At the same
time I saw Saumarz's face as he heard Miss
Coppleghill's voice, and fifty yards away from
the clump of orange-trees I saw a brown
holland ball getting upon a horse.

It must have been my state of over excite-
ment that made me so quick to meddle with
what no concern me. Saumarz was mov-
ing off on the habit, but I pushed him back
and said: "Stop here and explain. I'll catch
her back," and I ran out to get my own
horse. I had a perfectly unnecessary notion
that everything must be done decently
and in order, and that Saumarz's first care
was to wipe the happy look out of Maud
Coppleghill's face. All the time I was linking
up I wondered how he would do it.

I caught after Edith Coppleghill, thinking
to bring her back slowly on some pretence
or another. But she galloped away as soon
as she saw me, and I was forced to ride after
her in earnest. She called back over her
shoulder: "Go away! I'm going home. On,
go away!" Two or three times; and my
business was to catch her first, and argue
later. The ride just fitted with the rest of
the evil dream. The ground was very bad, and
now and again we rushed through the whirl-
ing, choking "dust-devils" in the skirts of
the flying storm. There was a burning hot
wind blowing that brought up a stench of
stale brick-kilns with it; and through the
half light and through the dust-devils, across
that desolate plain flickered the brown hol-
land ball on the gray horse. She headed
for the station at first. Then she wheeled
around and set off for the river through the
beds of burnt-down jungle-grass, bad even
to ride upon. In cold blood I should never
have dreamed of going over such a
country at night, but it seemed quite right
and natural with the lightning crackling over
head, and a reek like the smell of the pit in
my nostrils. I rode and shouted, and she
went forward and lashed her horse, and the
aftermath of the dust-storm came up and
caught us both and drove us like pieces of
paper.

I don't know how far we rode; but the
drumming of the horse-hoofs and the roar
of the wind and the race of the faint blood-
red moon through the yellow mist seemed
to have gone on for years, and I was literally
drenched with sweat from my helmet to my
garters when the gray stumbled, recovered
himself and pulled up dead lame. My brute
was done up altogether. Edith Coppleghill
was in a sad state, plastered with dust, her
helmet off and crying bitterly. "Why can't
you let me alone?" she said. "I only want
to go away and go home. O please let
me go!"

"You have got to come back with me,"
Miss Coppleghill. Saumarz has something to
say to you."

It was a foolish way of putting it; but I
hardly knew Miss Coppleghill, and though I
was playing Providence at the cost of my
horse, I could not tell her in as many words
what Saumarz had told me. I thought he
would do that better himself. All her pre-
tence about being tired and wanting to go
home broke down; and she reeked herself to
and fro in the saddle as she sobbed, and the
hot wind blew her black hair to leeward.
I am not going to repeat what she said for
she was utterly unstrung.

This if you please, was the cynical Miss
Coppleghill. Here was I, almost an utter
stranger to her, trying to tell her that Saumarz
loved her and she was to come back to
have him say so. I believe I made myself
understood, for she gathered the gray to-
gether and made him hobble somehow, and
we set off for the tomb, while the storm went
thundering down to Umballa and a few big
drops of warm rain fell. I found out that
she had been standing close to Saumarz
when he proposed to her sister and had want-
ed to go home to cry in peace, as an English
girl should. She dabbed her eyes with her
pocket handkerchief as we went along, and
babbled to me out of sheer lightness of heart

and hysteria. That was perfectly unnatur-
al; and yet, it seemed all right at the time and
in the place. All the world was only the
two Coppleghill girls, Saumarz and I, ringed
in with the lightning and the dark; and the
guidance of this misguided world seemed to
lie in my hands.

When we returned to the tomb in the
deep, dead stillness that followed the
storm, the dawn was just breaking and
nobody had gone away. They were wait-
ing for our return. Saumarz most of all.
His face was white and drawn. As Miss
Coppleghill and I limped up, he came forward
to meet us, and when he helped her down
from the saddle he kissed her before all the
plene. It was like a scene in a theater, and
the likeness was brightened by all the dust-
white, ghostly-looking men and women
under the orange trees, clapping their hands
as if they were watching a play, at Saumarz's
choice. I never knew anything so un-
English in my life.

Lastly, Saumarz said we must all go
home or the station would come out to look
for us, and would be good enough to ride
home with Maud Coppleghill? Nothing would
give me greater pleasure; I said. So we
formed up, six couples in all, and went back
two by two; Saumarz walking at the side
of Edith Coppleghill, who was riding his horse.
The air was cleared, and little by little, as
the sun rose, I felt that we were all drop-
ping back again into ordinary men and
women and that the "Great Pop Picnic"
was a thing altogether apart and out of the
world—never to happen again. It had gone
with the dust-storm and the tangle in the hot
air.

I felt tired and limp, and a good deal
ashamed of myself as I went in for a bath
and some sleep.

There is a woman's version of this story;
but I will never write it—unless Maud Cop-
pleghill cares to try.—Rudyard Kipling, in
Tales from the Hills.

PATSY'S NIGHT OFF.

"Patsy's going to dine with the old
man!"

This information concerning Patterson,
commonly known to his friends as "Patsy,"
created a sensation in the group of news-
paper men who heard it.

They were at supper—the welcome 2 or
3 o'clock-in-the-morning supper of the day
laborers in journalism, the men who grind
wearily, wearily, and are seldom heard of by
the outside world.

Patterson was one of the group made up
of the "late" men—the telegraph editors,
editors, news editors, two or three
night city editors and men who had been de-
tailed late details, or writing late on special
articles—men from all the morning papers.

Patterson was indeed a conspicuous mem-
ber of the party; indeed, he was in his
crankiness, and that cemented him in the
circle.

Patterson was an Anarchist. There was
no doubt about it, for he declared the fact
proudly—he was against government.
However, he could—and upon instruction
did—write convincing editorials exacting the
everlasting necessity of law and order.

He generally made himself anarchically
drunk after much of such writing, and so
as a temperance measure he had abandoned
editorial and taken up special writing, in
which he rapidly made himself popular on
his paper.

One day, after an especially good piece of
work, the managing editor sent for him.
Patterson affected a violent dislike of Mr.
Rogers, the managing editor. In the first
place, he represented the paper's govern-
ment; next, he received a yearly salary of
\$10,000 a year—a crime in itself, Patterson
contended.

Little Tommy Paget, a disciple of Patter-
son, and who did very good about-town
stuff, argued that the story of Rogers' ten-
thousand-a-year was a manifest fiction, be-
cause there was not so much money in the
world. He had once seen the printers paid
off, when a man from the business office
took \$1,800 in gold and silver up to the com-
pensing room, "and for any one man to tell
me that there is more money in the world
than that is absurd!" said Tommy Paget.

Besides being a governor and a \$10,000-a-
year man, Mr. Rogers was a quite a swell in
clubdom, and popular in a very good set in
society. This was hateful to the anarchist.

"That was a very good story of yours,
this morning," said Mr. Rogers in the hear-
ing of half a dozen men.
Patterson was silent.

Mr. Rogers and her daughter spoke of
it and liked it, and it's always pleasant to
hear women praise the paper. Get the
woman of a household in favor of your paper,
and you there have a steadfast subscriber."

"Very kind of you and the ladies,"
growled Patsy; "anything special for me to-
day?"

"Yes, I want you to go to the Moss estate
trial, and when the shorthand man's stuff is
written out, take it and lighten it up. By
the way, Patterson, my wife would like to
have you dine with us some Sunday even-
ing."

"Very kind of her, but—" "But you never
do the society act," you were going to say.
Well, it'd do you good. Say a week from Sunday."

Mr. Rogers was smiling good-naturedly, a
dozen men were waiting for orders on a
hundred dozen things about the next day's
paper, and Patterson felt he would look
foolish persisting in the refusal of such an
invitation. He bowed his thanks and ac-
ceptance and left.

"Patterson is going to dine with the 'old
man!'" Nothing else was talked about
at the supper that night. A society editor
swore he would write it up in his "Notable
Events." Griggs, the paper's "sketchbook-
man," grins, exhibited a drawing of Patter-
son, in a dress suit, haranguing a mob of
wild-eyed anarchists; and little Paget roared
with delight at his own suggestion that
Patsy should wear a red necktie and hand-
kerchief.

The subject of this chaff grew out of that
it would be paying enough for the privilege
of being near the throne to have to lose one
night's work, and he'd be hanged if he'd
wear a dress suit, even if he could get one.
"What the old man wants," said he to his
supper companions, "is to exhibit a live
crank, and I'll just fool him. I'll be more
of a crank than they like."

"The red tie! The red tie!" shouted
Paget.
"Yes, the red tie, and the wildest kind of

Anarchist talk," continued Patsy. "If I
am played for a freak to make an old man's
holiday, I'll just go him one more than he
expects."

Patterson thought over this determination
as he climbed the hills to his room that
night, and it did not please him. After all
he would be doing only what was expected
of him, and there was very little independ-
ence in that. He took out his old dress suit
and put it on. The effect was more amus-
ing than satisfactory. Not only was it a
bad fit and mussed with the strangely mixed
service he had seen in Patterson's two years
at the Berkeley university, but it was so like
the Tivoli waiter's in cut that Patterson
threw a towel over his left arm and served
himself with a bottle of beer to complete the
likeness.

"It would be so much more fun to fool
the 'old man' the other way, that, if I could,
I would."

The next day Patterson sought a man he
had become acquainted with through inter-
viewing him, and had afterward come to
know well and like him, despite the man's
misfortune of wealth.

Newspaper men have few acquaintances
outside of their own ranks. Their hours of
labor and leisure would make it difficult,
even if their inclinations were less intensely
clannish. Still, Patterson did meet and
dine with Millionaire Barker often enough
to keep up a friendship that had consider-
able warmth.

During their acquaintance Patterson had
asked for no "favor" such as the million-
aire was accustomed to grant with perfect
good nature and great frequency to scores of
companions less agreeable than Patterson.

Patsy always earned good pay. He wrote
on space, and having tremendous facility
and some ability, ground out vast quantities
of copy and sold most of it. So he did not
have to borrow, and yet there never came a
day when he could buy his dinner with
first collecting for his week's work. It
never occurred to him that there was evi-
dence of faulty economies in the fact that his
financial condition was exactly the same
now as when his earnings were not one-
fifth as much. His was the case of nearly
every one of his companions. Mind you, I
am not speaking of the great men on the
newspapers, but only of the unnamed, the
soldiers in the rank, the multitude of imper-
sonals, who have not been long in their beds
when you, sir, over your coffee are reading
their work and giving the praise or blame
for it to the "paper," not the man.

But this has nothing to do with the story.
I felt in the mood for explaining that my
friend Patterson was no more improvident
than his kind. Do not be shocked—the ex-
day he asked his friend Barker for credit
with his tailor.

Barker—he was a young man—wrote
something on a letter head, put it in an
envelope, addressed it to his tailor, and
handed it to Patterson, with the remark:

"Go to get married, Patsy?"
"No," he answered; "perhaps some of
us do get married when we have to get cre-
dit for the clothes to do it, but I am even
more to be congratulated; I'm going to dine
with the 'old man,' and I'm going to fool
him."

"Fool him?"
"Yes; he wants to show his set a crank,
and I am going there as a drawing room
model Sunday week."

Barker laughed. "Then I shall see you,
for I'll be there."

"Will you? Oh by the way, you dine
there often—what's their game?"

Patterson talked a long time with his
friend about the Rogers' dinner, and went
away thoroughly posted on the people he
would probably meet, what they talked
about, and their present fads. He learned
for one thing, that that set was just then
interested in hypnotism, which he had a
fortunate accident, as he had a medical
friend who was making a special study of
it, and he could claim on that conveni-
ent night for the double purpose of supplying
himself with small talk of shows and
studying the dress of the men he saw come
in with theater parties.

He gorged himself with recent novels
and magazine discussions, and, in fact, put
in ten days' hard, persistent work in pre-
paration to fool the "old man."

"Emma," said Mr. Rogers on that Sun-
day afternoon on his return from the edi-
torial rooms, to which he had just run
down to see how things were going—"Em-
ma, I am a little worried about Patterson. I
know from the way he lives that he saves
nothing, and I'm half afraid he has no
dress suit."

"Then," replied Mr. Rogers, decidedly,
"he won't come. I know his people very
well, and they were very nice. I want to
school with his elder sister, who married
that New Yorker, and if he has any of the
family traits you need not fear about his
dress."

"But they were rich then, and now Patter-
son—but for some jokes going around
the office, I fancy he will try and show off
his crankiness, and to tell the truth, I
hope he will. He amuses himself by pre-
tending to be an anarchist and—"

"Frank dear, you dress for dinner.
If he is a crank, he is a well bred one, and
he will merely amuse us all."

Mr. Rogers was well bred herself, and
put great stress on that phase of fortune.
She also had an independent income equal
to her husband's salary, and adopted a
little air of authority, which you may have
observed in wives who have independent
fortunes.

"The 'old man,' the terror of his staff,
obeyed the order to dress meekly enough,
staying only to say: "Whom will you send
Patterson in with?"

"Fannie!"
"Fannie! Really, dear don't you think
that Barker—"

"Mr. Barker needs a little discipline to
remind him that he has not yet aspired for
the right to be always paired off with
Fannie, and she can be trusted to keep
your anarchist within reasonable bounds."

If Patterson's name had not been an-
nounced so distinctly, Mr. Rogers would
not have known him when he entered the
reception room. The wild and weird bark
had gone with the misadventure in the trans-
formation, and the anarchist stood con-
fused in clean shaven, strong, handsome
face, in faultless dress from tie to shoe—
self-possessed, quiet, suave. Mr. Rog-
ers gave a quick look of surprise from Pat-

erson to her husband. The anarchist saw
it and grinned inwardly—so far he had fool-
ed the "old man."

He was introduced to Fannie by mamma

HOME-HAVEN.

Shut! down the western heaven slowly moves the shining sun.
To the east the shadows lengthen, stretching forward, one by one;
From a day of toil and pleasure back again we gladly come.

From the morning's working places, filled with care and weariness,
Now to seek a kindly shelter in the haven of our home.
On her nest among the branches now the mother bird can rest,
With her little ones safe nestled underneath her loving breast;

Now the cows their milk are giving into pails all white with foam;
Now from blossoms warm and sunny lie the bees back, rich with honey,
And the bleating lambs come nibbling down the pathway toward their home.

Soon the fireflies flash their beacons in and out the garden's gloom,
While within the family circles softly on the readers in the room;

In our arms the children slumber, with their feet too tired to roam;
Out from drowsy woodland covers whispering come the happy lovers;

In the blessed night we gather in the haven of our home,
—H. E. Parker, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

FROM RAILS OF STEEL.

An Old Engineer Tells of Some Narrow Escapes.

A Justice of the Supreme Court is not more tactful than the average railroad engineer. And not unlike the eminent jurist, when once his habitual reserve is cast aside he is a veritable mine of anecdote and wit.

A Washington Star Reporter one afternoon during the past week ran across one of these "Knights of the Railroad" in the neighborhood of the "round house" in the Baltimore & Potomac road ever since the first rail was laid. Railroad engineering is a child's play to what it was then. Now our greatest risk is a broken rail or axle; then it was a dozen different things to keep us alert, chief among them being washouts, insecure trestles and mistakes in telegraph orders incidental to a single-track road. Overwork always played a prominent part, but it was owing to the latter fact that this scar adorns my meat-chopper.

"It was during the busy days of the inauguration of Garfield, and all the sleep the boys had secured for a week was only cat-naps. I was coming north, out of Washington, on the evening of inauguration day, and ex-President Hayes occupied a private car on the rear of my train. The cars were crowded to their fullest capacity, and with this responsibility upon me I believe I could have done without sleep for a month. All the cars were in Washington or bound north, the engines coming south generally being empty—that is, without cars. The engineers of these empty engines would momentarily relax their vigilance, owing to the lesser responsibility, and it was during one of these moments that I got into the tightest place and received the closest call of my life. I received orders to pass two empty engines coming south at Severn, a small telegraph station about thirty miles north of Washington, and that they would take the siding for me. My engine was going north, and we were taking it along at a pretty lively gait, when, just as I turned the Severn curve, slip bang came the two engines into me, and when I woke up two weeks had passed, an engineer and baggage-master had been buried, three locomotives and a half-dozen cars smashed into splinters, and I lay on my back in the hospital with a leg, an arm and three ribs broken and my head aching almost to death. The engineer of one of the south-bound engines had relaxed his vigilance for hardly more than a minute, and by his siding, and his life paid the forfeit.

"Why didn't I jump? Holy smoke, young fellow, that never entered my mind. I reversed my engine, put on the air, and by that time we were piled up and I was unconscious. The good Lord only knows why my railroad days didn't end there, but they didn't, and I tell myself that I can make time with any of the boys."

"How about that little accident out at McGruder's curve; weren't you mixed up in that affair? It occurred a good while ago, but I never heard the particulars."

"Well, I should say I was mixed up in that affair. In all my days of railroad engineering, I never had an accident with so many innocent victims. I have ever known. The little details that I am going to tell you in connection with the affair came to me some time after their occurrence.

"This time I was coming south on the New York express, and was due in Washington at 11:30 at night. I had about twelve cars filled with passengers behind me. At that time there was a telegraph station about a quarter of a mile north of the curve called 'Wilson's.' The express generally had a clear track, and orders were never given it only when of great importance. Owing to this fact it made very fast time, and at that point usually ran about forty or fifty miles an hour. As I swung in sight of this little lonely watch-box I saw that the red signal was down, and after a fierce pull at the whistle I reversed the lever and put on the air. We came to a stop in a hurry, and, thinking orders were awaiting me, I made a break for the office to secure them without losing any more time than necessary.

"Pushing open the door I saw the operator lying back in his chair, as if I thought fast asleep. There was a strong odor of coal gas in the room, but in the best of passion at what I thought was a case of neglect of duty, I paid no attention to this, but grabbing him by the collar of his coat, I yanked him down to the floor. As he was a little slow moving around I caught up a bucket of water and threw the contents over him, believing him to be senseless instantaneously."

"Where's my orders? What's the red down for?" I shouted in his ears.

"Come, join, you won't go out on your run for two hours yet. Tell me about some of the tight places you've been in since becoming an engineer."

"Well, young man, we don't like to talk about these things, but, as you appear to be anxious for a story, I don't mind telling you one."

"Tell me about that long red scar there under your chin. That must have been quite a wound."

"That was rather a hard one, but when I received it it was a smaller affair in comparison with my other breaks and bruises. As you know, I have pulled a throttle on the Baltimore & Potomac road ever since the first rail was laid. Railroad engineering is a child's play to what it was then. Now our greatest risk is a broken rail or axle; then it was a dozen different things to keep us alert, chief among them being washouts, insecure trestles and mistakes in telegraph orders incidental to a single-track road. Overwork always played a prominent part, but it was owing to the latter fact that this scar adorns my meat-chopper."

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OLD PATRICK SWEENEY.

Down at Stuyvesant, on the Central Hudson road, says the Albany (N. Y.) Express, there is stationed a switchman who has been at his post ever since the first train passed over the rails, and had been in the company's employ before that, almost from the day when the first tie was laid and the first spike was driven.

Although he is wholly illiterate his mental powers have a natural vigor that is remarkable. Once the company issued an order directing that all switchmen who could not read or write were to quit his service. Pat Sweeney got a boy in his shanty to teach him how to read the numbers of the engine, and he could report the time and number of trains that passed his flag shanty every day. The old man had apparently passed the age when the mind can yet be turned back and made to grasp what it has outgrown, for he discharged the boy, but his ear was still keen. In less than a month he had learned the number of every engine on the road by the sound of its bell, and never made a single error in his report.

He does not know what fear is, and a story is told how he once defied two regiments of soldiers because he knew what his duty was and they did not. It was in April, 1862, during war times. Sweeney was at his post on the road, which was then double-tracked north of Stuyvesant, but had but one track between that town and New York. Fifteen carloads of soldiers on a special train, bound for New York, reached Stuyvesant early one morning, and Sweeney, who was on the lookout, stopped the train, because the train which had immediately preceded it carried no signal to give warning that the special was behind it. It was before the days of block signals, and much depended on a remembrance of orders as to how trains were to be run. The commandant of the troops could not understand why the train had come to a standstill. Leaping from the train he began making inquiries, and found Sweeney standing at the switch, which he had locked.

"What does this mean?" thundered the officer. "Don't you know these are Federal troops?" "Hush," said Sweeney, "you had better not speak without orders." "What do you mean by stopping this train without orders?"

Sweeney pointed his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the single track. "The train ahead carried no signal for you," said he, "and there bees an up-train on its way."

"Unlock that switch instantly," commanded the officer, drawing his sword. "Not a moment's delay now. Unlock it."

"I'll not," said Sweeney, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a dozen soldiers, in obedience to an order, hustled the switchman into the train. One thrust his bayonet into the boards alongside of Sweeney's neck. The others pinned him in a similar manner under the arms. Having done this, they placed the muzzles of their loaded muskets within a few inches of his head.

"Give up that key and let this train proceed," was the command, and while no threat accompanied it the switchman knew that the next order would be to pull the triggers. He never flinched.

"No," said Sweeney, "I will not give up my key until I have my own way out of here. I will give you one min—"

At that moment a shrill whistle was heard, and before the officer could finish his order the train from Albany came dashing along at the rate of forty miles an hour. Sweeney's watchfulness had prevented a terrible disaster. He knew well that the first train should have displayed signal flags to indicate that there was another following. Had he permitted the train carrying the soldiers to proceed there would have been a frightful collision at about Stockport, where a curve through a rocky cut shuts out all view 200 yards ahead. It didn't take either the officers or the men long to realize what a narrow escape they had made and to appreciate the bravery of the switchman who was ready to give up his own life rather than permit 1,000 men to put theirs in danger.

Famous Sam Sloan was president of the Central in those days, and when he heard of Sweeney's courageous act he sent him a check for a generous amount and summarily discharged the engineer and crew of the train that had run through without a signal. And, strange to say, no strike was ordered because of their discharge, nor was President Sloan asked to specify reasons.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll is one of the lawyers to whom his profession yields a fortune every year. A quarter of a million is a small valuation to place upon his receipts, and he is one of the few men who shine either as a pleader or counselor. He has accumulated great wealth, which says the Chicago Journal, none who know him begrudges him.

His face and form are familiar to all Wall and Broad street men, and his offices on Wall street, New York, are comfortably fitted up and elegant. They are comfortable offices, just as Bob's is a comfortable man. Great numbers of stories are told about him. Here is one guaranteed to be new:

A stranger went to him one day, and without any reference to the matter of the retainer began: "My father died and made a will, and then went on to tell about his trouble with the will."

"Do you understand the case now?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir," responded Mr. Ingersoll, "I do not."

Somewhat embarrassed, the stranger went away. He told a friend of his experience with the philosophical lawyer.

"Go back to him," said the friend, "I'll pay \$1,000 bill on his desk and then talk."

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Business proceeded.

THE COST OF WAR.

Of war within the last half century the cost has been as follows:

France and Algeria, 1830-47..... \$100,000,000
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The European revolution in 1848..... 50,000,000
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OLD PATRICK SWEENEY.

Down at Stuyvesant, on the Central Hudson road, says the Albany (N. Y.) Express, there is stationed a switchman who has been at his post ever since the first train passed over the rails, and had been in the company's employ before that, almost from the day when the first tie was laid and the first spike was driven.

Although he is wholly illiterate his mental powers have a natural vigor that is remarkable. Once the company issued an order directing that all switchmen who could not read or write were to quit his service. Pat Sweeney got a boy in his shanty to teach him how to read the numbers of the engine, and he could report the time and number of trains that passed his flag shanty every day. The old man had apparently passed the age when the mind can yet be turned back and made to grasp what it has outgrown, for he discharged the boy, but his ear was still keen. In less than a month he had learned the number of every engine on the road by the sound of its bell, and never made a single error in his report.

He does not know what fear is, and a story is told how he once defied two regiments of soldiers because he knew what his duty was and they did not. It was in April, 1862, during war times. Sweeney was at his post on the road, which was then double-tracked north of Stuyvesant, but had but one track between that town and New York. Fifteen carloads of soldiers on a special train, bound for New York, reached Stuyvesant early one morning, and Sweeney, who was on the lookout, stopped the train, because the train which had immediately preceded it carried no signal to give warning that the special was behind it. It was before the days of block signals, and much depended on a remembrance of orders as to how trains were to be run. The commandant of the troops could not understand why the train had come to a standstill. Leaping from the train he began making inquiries, and found Sweeney standing at the switch, which he had locked.

"What does this mean?" thundered the officer. "Don't you know these are Federal troops?" "Hush," said Sweeney, "you had better not speak without orders." "What do you mean by stopping this train without orders?"

Sweeney pointed his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the single track. "The train ahead carried no signal for you," said he, "and there bees an up-train on its way."

"Unlock that switch instantly," commanded the officer, drawing his sword. "Not a moment's delay now. Unlock it."

"I'll not," said Sweeney, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a dozen soldiers, in obedience to an order, hustled the switchman into the train. One thrust his bayonet into the boards alongside of Sweeney's neck. The others pinned him in a similar manner under the arms. Having done this, they placed the muzzles of their loaded muskets within a few inches of his head.

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There is a moral side to the question. How can a thoughtful woman, feeling some responsibility in the training of her children or some desire to leave the world if 'not better—' which should be her aim—at least not worse for her living in it—how can she reconcile her conscience to the constant object lessons in cruelty which the wearing of muffs, and the use of the whip, and the cruel birds holds up before her children?

How do honest Christian mothers and earnest Sunday-school teachers reconcile their countenance of this cruel trade with the gentle teachings of Jesus Christ, which they labor to instill into the growing, and let me assure them, reasoning minds under their care?

They may, indeed, shut their eyes to facts and harden their hearts against arguments, but the child does not. What his teacher is and what she does has far greater weight with him than what she says.

Putting entirely aside the responsibilities of people and the rights of animals, it is a simple, bare alternative that is presented to us: Shall the birds be allowed to live or shall the earth be reduced to a barren wilderness?

One of the two is certain to be, for the bird is our only protector from the insect. To one who has not informed himself it may seem like a wild statement, but, nevertheless, it is true that the insect is one of the most powerful forces on earth, and one against which man, with all his boasted ability, is helpless. It comes in innumerable armies, too minute to be handled; nothing can discourage, nothing can

eradicate it. It multiplies by millions; it preys upon every vegetable and animal substance under heaven. In a world abandoned to the insect not a green thing could grow, and without vegetation neither man nor beast could exist.

The bird, and the bird only, can cope with these fearful hosts of our most fatal foe, and it takes unceasing labor on their part to do it. No creature has such appetites—"incarnate voracity" Ruskin calls them—none require such constant supplies.

Watch the birds with an intelligent eye, not merely glance at them, and see how almost incessantly they work. The crow—an outcast among men—flocks about the streets, among the grubs and worms that lie to them, serves would eat every vestige of the crop. I beg to say right here that my statements are no fancy sketch, but are derived from the scientific reports of Government officers, who have investigated the matter thoroughly.

The oriole, moving quietly about on the trees, puts an end every day to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the insects that increase and multiply upon the rose-breasted grosbeak works more industriously than any bird carrier, and never strikes for shorter hours, and what is he doing? Carefully examining the potato plants and picking off that pest, the potato beetle. Unfortunately—more unfortunately for us than for him—he has a beautiful coat; he is wanted to adorn somebody's hat; his life of usefulness is cut short, and he is sent to his doom by the hands of the fashioner. These are but few of the most common birds. I could go on all day and tell of the constant work of the feathered folk for man. Yet think what odds these beautiful creatures, our faithful servants, contend against. Remember the armies of four-footed foes who lie in wait for them and their eggs—the cats, weasels, skunks, rats, squirrels and many I do not think of. Consider the snakes and the reptiles which regularly devour their eggs and young, and do not forget their feathered enemies—crows, hawks, owls and jays—all of whom like eggs and perhaps birds as well as we do ourselves.

And then reflect on the attitude of the human family toward them: first the men who shoot them for eating, for then the boys too young to wield the deadly gun, but armed with slings and sharp stones, stout legs and finger-fingers, who scale the trees and scour the bushes and steal their eggs, ten, fifteen or twenty of next year's song birds in an afternoon sometimes.

To this vast army of destroyers has woman at last joined herself. Woman, the tender-hearted, the lover of beauty and song, has really cast the great weight of her influence against the tribes of the air, and the birds fall at her behest by millions.

Oh, my sisters, have we been called unreasoning, selfish? Are we clasped with thoughtless children, with unteachable idiots? Are we not guilty?

MET ON THE TRAIL.

We had followed the right-hand side of the gorge up to noon, when we built a fire and prepared for dinner, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Press.

At a house were a soldier and one hired foot above the bottom, and sometimes the height was doubled.

I have spoken of it as a gorge. It was one of the great rifts in the Pinal mountains of Southern Arizona—in some places a valley half a mile wide—in others a narrow, deep and dismal canyon not more than fifty feet across.

Opposite us as we rested, and not over a quarter of a mile away, the wall of the canyon was almost straight up and down and entirely clear of tree or bush. It was higher on that side than on ours—a fall of two hundred feet to the rocks below. We were sipping our coffee, when we suddenly caught sight of an object moving along the face of the opposite cliff. We could not see it, but there was evidently a ledge which furnished a foot-path. We at first took the object to be a bear, but no sooner had the old trapper got on his feet than he observed: "It's only a mountain pony, boys."

It was a chestnut-colored pony weighing about five hundred pounds, with a very shaggy coat. He was a descendant of the wild horse of the plains, but instead of following them over the prairies he had taken to the hills. His breed used to be as numerous in the Pinal as goats, and they had two companies of large numbers of buffaloes which never descended to the valleys.

The ledge must have been a very narrow one, for we saw the pony move slowly and with caution. He had come almost opposite us when a second object moved out from behind a rock to the east of us. We at first supposed it to be another pony, but the trapper no sooner set eyes on it than he whispered: "It's a big clamson, War, and we are going to see some fun!"

No sooner had the bear moved out than he was face to face with the pony, though a distance of some fifty feet separated them. The pony threw up his head and uttered a snort of alarm, while the bear sat up and looked at him. That was not the first wild beast the pony had seen in his roamings through these lonely mountains, but it was the first he had seen under such circumstances. The ledge was not wide enough for him to turn about. What would he do?

The bear was in no hurry. He seemed to be sure that he had his dinner safe and perhaps a close view of the pony was a novelty to him. Two of us got ready to shoot, hoping to drive him away, if not kill him, but the old trapper motioned us back and said: "Let it be the way God ordained; let His rules stand."

The pony had perhaps seen us from the first. He now looked over, seemingly in appeal, but he found only pity. He started to back down the trail by which he had come, but he had not moved more than a yard when the idea was abandoned. The trail was too narrow. He advanced to his former position and then looked straight across the gorge into our faces.

"God made it so—He made it so!" whispered the trapper, as he heard a movement on our part.

For perhaps five minutes the bear and the pony faced each other and we could not see that either moved in the slightest. Then the bear began a slow advance. The pony stuck his head out on a time with his body and uttered a sort of whistle through his nostrils.

"He'd fight if he had a show, but he hasn't got one," whispered the trapper. "The pony's under lip fell down and showed his teeth, and his ears were laid back like an enraged cat's. As the bear drew nearer he raised one fore-foot and then the other, and struck them sharply on the rocky path."

Nearer! Nearer! The bear did not walk, but hunched himself along foot by foot, while he kept his great paws swinging in the air. He evidently suspected that the pony would attempt to jump over him. Now they are fifteen feet apart—now ten—now five. Now the pony utters a scream of fright or anger and snorts at the bear coming plainly out on his hind legs.

They face each other for a full minute, and every one of us is trembling as if personally menaced.

Swish! The bear gathered himself and made a rush, roaring loudly as he did so. Quick as he moved, the pony moved quicker. It was death on the trail ahead—death on the great builders in the bottom of the gorge. He chose the latter, and as the bear rushed he reared up, wheeled to the right, and sprang far out into space with such a cry of terror as human beings have uttered when they went down to an awful death. Peering over the rocks, we saw his dead and mangled body on the cruel rocks below.

Button vs. Laced Boots.

The woman who has an ugly foot and who wishes to conceal such defect should invariably wear a boot that is laced rather than a buttoned one. The boot that laces is also recommended to those who have tender feet, as it may be made to fit each day, the elasticity of the laces being vastly superior to the stiffness of the buttoned article. Many women knowing this are in the habit of buying them, but a frank and honest salesman confesses to the fact that women who have outgrown their girlish slenderness—to put it mildly—always purchase laced boots. He says: "We do not wear them, because if they are sent home she will find it so difficult to lace them up that nine times out of ten she will send them back rather than endure the discomfort. This, of course, she may not do if she has worn them out of the shop."

Destitution in Boston.

As a typical instance of destitution in Boston a case is cited of a young man working in a manufacturing shop at a long distance from his room. For sixty hours a week he receives \$7.35. The work was hard, wearing, unceasing. Night found him tired and heavy morning met him half rested. He had a young wife to care for. The expenses of both were, each week: Room, \$2.50; food, \$3.97; car fare, 60 cents; total, \$7.07; margin, for clothes, amusements, sickness and riotous living, twenty-eight cents.

(Continued from first page.)

more benefit many times from reading those papers whose views do not coincide with our own, than when we can agree with all the writer asserts, for it makes us think for ourselves. A child who depends entirely upon his parents for anything, never uses his own judgment, and is never thrown in any way upon his own responsibility and made to think for himself, is very little better than an idiot. I think the reading of agricultural papers is more of an education for a farmer than all the agricultural colleges in the land; and if these papers were read as they should be, it would raise the standard of intelligence in all parts of our country. I remember very well the assertion made by one of our agricultural editors in his paper not long ago, that wheat had come up to stay, and I thought the editor was very bold to make the statement, for I thought he was risking his reputation as a prophet, but he only strengthened that reputation, for he was right, for wheat has come up to stay. No one expects it to stay up all the time; it will of course fluctuate, but the range of values for the past three months has been higher than for five years. No class of publishers take so much pains in regard to the kind of advertisements which appear in their papers as do the publishers of agricultural papers. The editor of the MICHIGAN FARMER is not only personally acquainted with most of the advertisers, but also with a large majority of his readers, and many times those who wish to answer any advertisement in his paper write to the editor to find out what kind of a man the advertiser is. The MICHIGAN FARMER has saved the farmers of Michigan millions of dollars by exposing some of the frauds advertised. A man cannot succeed in the stock business and be dishonest, for agricultural editors are acquainted with stock breeders all over the land. Our forerunners did not make a success of farming like the farmers of to-day. Our views have been broadened by the agricultural press, and farmers are making their farms better, and we are better farmers and better men than were our fathers and our grandfathers.

B. N. Smith—We are not particular enough in reading the many good things our agricultural papers contain, and we do not always heed the good advice given. The FARMER foretold a rise in wheat, and as I was personally interested, I noted the fact that it really did rise, but being very busy at the time, did not sell; but it was no fault of the Editor that I did not take advantage of the rise. Agricultural papers would be of much greater benefit to farmers than they now are, if they were read more carefully and thoughtfully.

T. Josephson—Agricultural papers contain many suggestions which are hardly practical, and we cannot blame people for adhering to the old ways. Many farmers would, doubtless, derive great benefit from reading agricultural papers if once they formed the habit of reading, but too many think when the day's work is done they are too tired to do anything but rest, when a little brain work would be a recreation.

G. S. Wood—A farmer should read agricultural papers in order to keep himself posted in his own business. What would we think of a professional man who did not make use of the publications relating to his particular profession? Farmers get new views and new ideas in reading the views of their brother farmers, as given by our agricultural papers; and some of the special departments of these papers are often very useful and valuable. The veterinary department of the MICHIGAN FARMER has been of great interest and value to me. In fact a farmer, like any other business man, should post himself or out of the business.

Mrs. E. C. Warner—We have heard enough about the benefit to be derived from reading agricultural papers, but what about the influence? Is it good? If parents would read these papers with their children, and discuss the contents, instead of talking over the last elopement, the influence would be much better, although I cannot endorse the tone of the stories published in many of these papers, for I think they must have a bad influence on the fact that the hero of the story generally uses tobacco and children are very apt to want to imitate the heroes of whom they read. I would discard such stories as having a bad influence upon the young. It seems to me that we do not get the experience of our most successful farmers in our papers as they do not have time to write, and the writing is done by scientific men who are more theoretical than practical.

G. Hurd—Experience is worth a great deal. We cannot follow the advice given by our agricultural papers. We who have been brought up on farms know what will do best on these farms, and must use our own judgment. You cannot find a farmer who feeds stock in the way advised by our papers. Of course we get some new ideas from them, and the more we read them the better farmers we are; but do not think we are better men than our forefathers.

E. P. Harper—Experience is worth more than all the papers. Every man should have a mind of his own. What does an editor know of practical farming? The agricultural press is not reliable, as far as their prophecies are concerned, they are worthless. You must judge for yourselves, accept what in your own judgment is good, reject what you cannot endorse. Many of the reports in our agricultural papers come from ignorant correspondents and are not reliable. The estimates of crops on hand are a positive damage to the farmer. The profit on farm products is greater after it leaves the hands of the farmer, than any profit derived from them by the producer.

E. C. Warner—The members of this Club have followed the advice of the agricultural papers in many things, for they will not raise scrub stock, but get the best. I think the estimates of crops as published by our agricultural papers are fairly reliable, and the market report very valuable to a farming community. The experience of one man does not cover all the knowledge embraced in one subject. All knowledge is found in books and papers. There is no experience of value which does not find its way into print.

A. A. Wood—Show me a good farmer in Michigan and you will find his tables covered with papers and learn that he is a daily reader of these papers. I consider the market reports as published by the MICHIGAN FARMER thoroughly reliable, as they receive the personal attention of the Editor, and are as correct as reports can be. Not only do

the agricultural papers educate and improve us as farmers, but they are a great help to a farmer engaged in breeding any kind of stock; without the aid of the agricultural press the thoroughbred stock business could not be carried on with success. I thoroughly believe in agricultural papers, and if we read them carefully and studiously, we shall be better farmers, better breeders and better men.

The next meeting of the Club will be held at the residence of N. H. Isbell, January 9, 1891, at which time the annual election of officers will take place.

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Go to California via the through lines of the Burlington Route, from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver, and thence over the new broad gauge, through car lines of the Denver and Rio Grande or Colorado Midland Railways, via Leadville, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, through interesting cities and unsurpassed scenery. Dining Cars all the way.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice and treatment of all diseases of domestic animals. The full name and address will be necessary and we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No question answered gratis. No reply by mail unless accompanied by a fee of five cents. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Hock Lameness in a Mare.

OLIVER, Mich., December 15, 1890.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have a bay mare 10 years old which has been lame a little now and then in one hind leg, I have thought in the stable, but there was no swelling, and it would pass off in a few days. In September I was driving her on the road when she became lame all at once and so lame I got her home as soon as I could, she moving very slowly. In a few days she was as well as ever, so far as I could see, and we have used her all the time since until Wednesday, 10th inst., when she was taken again the same way and was so bad she would hardly put her foot on the ground. To-day she is entirely over it and moves as free as any horse. I would like to know the trouble and what to do for it. I have a colt six months old, bay mare, which has been developing a hock lameness on one leg, and I think the entire begins to express itself with it. Somewhat stiff; is puffy, fatty; not lame any. Have not done anything for it yet. I should be glad to know what to do for it.
F. L. REED.

Answer.—The description of symptoms given is not as satisfactory as we could wish. We are however, disposed to diagnose the trouble as hock lameness. Usually in such cases the first noticeable symptom is the animal on leaving the stable starts off a few steps on the toe then putting the heel down square. In such cases, applied early, an active blister will frequently arrest the progress of the disease. In long standing cases a surgical operation known as periosteotomy properly performed is a success. It relieves the pain quickly and restores the natural action of the limb. The operation is a dangerous one in the hands of the empiric, but perfectly safe in the hands of a competent veterinary surgeon. Send. You had better let the colt alone for the present at least.

Grease Heels in a Horse.

ANK ARBOR, December 9, 1890.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have a mare three years old, never driven, always being in the pasture, and this fall when I put her in the yard, I saw on her hind foot a sort of scurfiness, I took and gave it a good washing with kerosene oil, and when I washed it a few days later, it extended on each side of the foot and up on the leg about ten inches. Answer in the FARMER and what to do.
A. D. G.

Answer.—The specimens received indicate the disease known as grease heels, usually confined to the hind feet. Wash the parts well with castile soap and water, in the evening a small quantity of powdered charcoal to the consistency of cream. Apply with a shaving brush. Give internally the following: Barbadoes aloes, one ounce; pulverized gentian root, half an ounce; Jamaica ginger, pulverized, two drachms; mix all together and divide into six powders. Give one powder night and morning in the feed, or mix with syrup to a paste and smear on the tongue. When all are given follow with two scrupulous doses of powdered nuxvomica. Give no corn or corn meal, but good oats and hay.

Cutaneous Disease in Horses.

BAYNOR, Mich. Dec. 9, 1890.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have a span of horses, one six and the other eight years old, that are troubled with a breaking out on side and back. It came on one year ago last fall; will go away in the summer and come again in the fall. It seems to me to be a dry scab or pimple; hair seems dead and falls out. It is not itchy and rough; feed them timothy hay and corn. Any information would be gladly received.
A. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The trouble with your horse is a cutaneous disease known as scurf, due to a morbid condition of the blood. Treatment: Give the following in feed and on the tongue, water to a paste and smear on the tongue, using a wooden paddle for the purpose: 1. Scurf, one ounce; mix well together and divide into twelve powders. Give one powder in the feed at night, or mix with syrup to a paste and smear on the tongue. Select a thorough scrubbing with castile soap and water, and then sponge all over the affected parts with the following solution: Hypochlorite of soda in the proportion of two ounces to a gallon of tepid rain water. When thoroughly dry brush the animal clean and throw a blanket over him. Two or three weeks dressing at intervals of two or three weeks usually are sufficient. Give no corn or corn meal to eat, but good clean oats and hay instead.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.
DETROIT, December 19, 1890.
FLOUR—Michigan brands are higher; no other changes. Quotations on car lots are as follows:
Michigan roller process..... 4 20 @ 20
Michigan roller process..... 4 20 @ 20
Minnesota, bakers..... 4 20 @ 20
Minnesota, patents..... 4 20 @ 20

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